

# DON'T FORGET ME, MARY

WORDS AND MUSIC.

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Miss HAZEL BURT.

## SONGSTER

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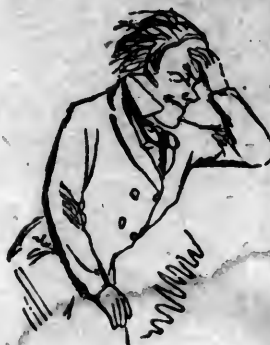
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# DON'T FORGET ME, MARY!

## Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Tempo di Valse.*



1. They kissed and part - ed at the gate, A lass and lov - ing swain,..... He  
2. The ship went sail - ing far a - way Thro' wild and an - gry wave,..... With  
3. At home his Ma - ry fond - ly waits Her lov - er's glad re - turn,..... Still



was to sail the sea a - way, They might not meet a - gain,..... The  
gal - lant heart the sail - or lad Saw near a sail - or's grave,..... A  
hop - ing, long - ing, day by day Her heart's re - ward to earn,..... She



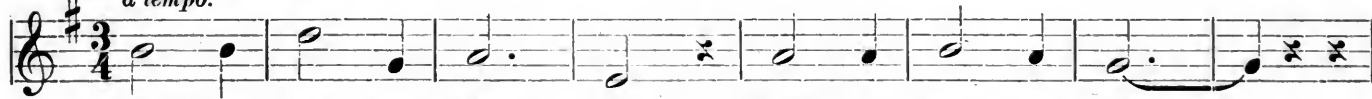
love that bloomed in Ma - ry's heart Shone thro' her ra - di - ant eye,..... She  
dark - some night, no land in sight, — For death he had no fear,..... And  
does not know that Jack's warm hand Will nev - er clasp her own,..... At



heard her lov - er's ten - der plea While whisper - ing sad "good - bye!".....  
as he sank be - neath the foam His voice rose sound - ing clear,.....  
night in dreams she seems to hear His voice in lov - ing tone!.....

**CHORUS.** *After third verse sing Chorus pianissimo.*

*a tempo.*



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, While I sail the sea,.....



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, Wher - ev - er I may be,.....



Keep your heart in glad - ness, Ten - der, warm and true,.....



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, I'll think of none but you.....

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A roguish maiden sat on a young man's knee,  
Asked him a question, "Am I too free?"  
"Are you not thirsty, do you drink beer?"  
"Have you no whiskers, why are you here?"  
This was a poser, here was a go,  
The youth was confused, but she must know;  
"Give me the growler, I'll tell you all,"  
And faithful he went after a ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, over the fence has gone,  
After the show is over, after the star has gone;  
Many a heart is aching after an icy fall,  
Many a dollar has vanished after a ball.

Lightly the dancers tripped in the ball room,  
Sweetly the harpists played out of tune;  
Up came my darling, smiling, alone,  
"Fetch me a lobster, or chicken bone."  
When I came back, how strange it seems,  
Another had brought her a big plate of beans;  
She was false to her bang, that's all,  
I rushed out madly after a ball.

From that time I vowed, dear, I'd never wed,  
Or wear anything but clothes until she is dead;  
And now you know why, you've heard me explain,  
I don't wear whiskers, the reason is plain.  
Last week came a letter, but I only laugh,  
My heart it is broken, will you take half?  
Then the roguish maiden she knew it all,  
They went out together after a ball.

## Parody on: DAISY BELL.

By W. H. Courtney.

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I have landed here in town from Daisy, Daisy,  
Driven from home all on the account of my Daisy Bell;  
Whether she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,  
Yet I am longing to get rid of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me a rest, do;  
I'm half crazy, trying to leave you.  
It was not a stylish marriage, I did afford a carriage;  
But go back, sweet, on the seat, in that country town of yours.

I will go "wandering" as I did before, Daisy, Daisy,  
"Tramping" away down the road of life to leave my Daisy Bell.  
When home again, I can both despise, society and girls as well;  
There's no "bright life" in a dazzling home of beautiful Daisy Bell.—Chorus.

I will send to you by express or mail a daisy, daisy,  
Money to keep you well, so you can live, sweet little Daisy Bell.  
I would rather be miles from you, I think, than if you don't do well  
Catch some jay and use him, my beautiful Daisy Bell.—Chorus.

## Parody on: The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

By W. H. Courtney.

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I've just dropped off a freight train from the world's fair sunny shore.  
I to the world's fair went, just to spend a few cents;  
A buncoer smiled upon me as he did upon all jays,  
And then I had no money, I had to tramp—  
Yes, then I had no money, I had to tramp.

CHORUS.

As I walked along the railroad track with an independent air,  
You could hear the people declare, "He looks like a millionaire";  
You could hear them say, "He's counting the ties";  
You could see them wink the other eye  
At the jay that got broke at the world's fair.

I sleep in a loft till after lunch, and then my daisy walk  
Back to my country town is one grand triumphal march,  
Observed by the policeman with the keenness of a hawk,  
I am a sample from the great world's fair—  
Yes, he's a sample from the great world's fair.—Chorus.

## Parody on: DAISY BELL.

By "Dublin."

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There is some flour within my heart, Mazie, Mazie,  
Caused by an effort on your part, you dizzy, crazy belle;  
Those biscuits you made were nice and hot, yet hard it is to tell,  
And harder still to digest the lot, oh, lovely crazy belle.

CHORUS.

Mazie, Mazie, for goodness sake now do  
Give up making biscuits, and you'll never rue;  
Don't think that I'm a savage, give me corn beef and cabbage,  
It is a treat, 'tis very sweet, and just the thing for two.

We'll go as a team when we are wed, Mazie, Mazie,  
And not eat those biscuits, but instead, my dizzy, crazy belle,  
We'll peddle them for paper weights; they will do for that quite well,  
And be much lighter for us, my dear, my lovely crazy belle.—Chorus.

I will stick to you through thick and thin, Mazie, Mazie;  
When I am out you can let me in, dear little crazy belle;  
I'll ring you up when I reach the door, and if I don't do well  
When I am soaked, you can rug me out, my darling crazy belle.—Chorus.

## Parody on: THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

By "Dublin."

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A black-haired dude from Erin's shore married was to be,  
But alas! the night before the jay he went on a spree.  
"Deserted!" was the cry of all, he surely should be shot;  
But Mary wed the other chap, and Michael she forgot.  
The lonely one was in a cell, oh, hard indeed it is to tell:  
The judge let him off, oh, cruel fate, when Charley came he was too late.

CHORUS.

The wedding took place in the evening, Mickey was spending the day  
The echoes of snoring boozers, while Mary was passing away  
Into the arms of Pat Casey, the man that he did hate.  
A tear from his eye dropped into the rye—poor Mickey came too late.

And 'round the barroom many times the story he will tell:  
How his mother dear had struck it rich, of the luck that he befell;  
Five thousand dollars she had won in policy that day,  
And he had gone to cash it in, and dalled on the way.  
And when the truth came out, of course, Mrs. Casey wanted a divorce—  
Sad indeed is Casey's fate, he wishes Mick had not been too late.—Chorus.

## Parody on: TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

By W. H. Courtney.

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Two old tramps gazed in a restaurant at a table filled with food,  
His pard then asked him the reason why they could not get something, too;  
"Come in," he said, "I will tell them, pard, a story that will look true,"  
But at the door my pard and I only met two little cops in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little cops in blue, pard, two little cops in blue,  
They were officers, we were brothers and learned to hate the two;  
And one little cop in blue, pard, who changed my brother's heart,  
Became his protector; I managed the other one, and now we have drifted apart.

We were sent to jail by the judge on a charge that no one knew:  
We thought of liberty, escape we might, the chances they were few.  
My fancy proved a very good plan, yes, we were to escape for true;  
We scaled the wall, but on the street met those two little cops in blue.—Chorus.

—He: "How many men have you kissed in the three months  
I have been away?"

She: "You misjudge me entirely, sir. Do you suppose I am  
such a cold-blooded, calculating creature as to have kept count?"

—"Oh, is there nothing," exclaimed the lady in the fur jacket,  
"that can uplift our servant girls?"

"The coal oil can," answered the lady in the yellow buskin.

—There is one thing the hard times do not bother—the grip.  
It comes to all, the prince and pauper, millionaire and beggar,  
wageworker and capitalist.

# HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

*Tempo di Valse.*



1. Have you seen her? She's the fair - est lit - tle girl in all the  
 2. Have you seen her? You can tell her by of the sun - shine in the  
 3. Have you seen her? She the treas - ure my heart for - ev - er -

world.  
 face;  
 more,

She's  
 Not  
 And

a  
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 to

beau - ty!  
 maid - en  
 know her

she's  
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rar - est!  
 cel - her  
 pleas - ure;

She's  
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rose with dew in - pearled.  
 love li - ness and a - grace.  
 girl that I dore.

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 rath - er  
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saw  
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 sky

be - fore,  
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smile  
 smile  
 bobe;

Oh!  
 From  
 She

I  
 the  
 was

would not be with - out her And I love her more and more.....  
 girl so good and ten - der That I think of all the while.....  
 sent my heart to light - en With the bless - ing of her love.....

## REFRAIN.



Have you seen her? Have you seen her? She's the dar - ling girl for

me. She's the neat - est, She's the sweet - est, And our wed - ding

soon will be. Oh,..... boys, And our wed - ding soon will be. *D.S. al Fine.*

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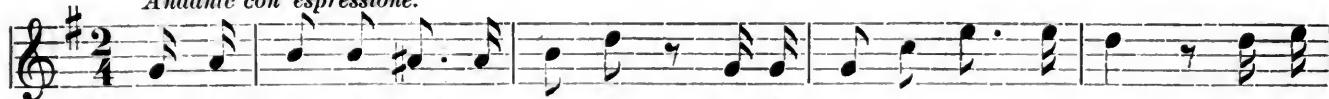
# THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

BALLAD.

Words by A. H. NOE.

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Andante con espressione.*



1. Raise the win-dow high - er, moth - er, air can nev - er harm me now, Let the  
2. How he gained my young af - fec - tion, vow-ing in most ten - der tone That he  
3. Glad - ly I o - bey the sum - mons to a bright and bet - ter land, Where no  
4. Tell him that it is a tok - en of for - give - ness and of peace— Hark! I



breeze blow in up - on me, it will cool my fe - vered brow; Soon death's struggles will be  
would for - ev - er guard me, were my heart but his a - lone; You re - mem - ber how I  
hearts are won and bro - ken, but all form a hap - py band; Do not chide him, moth - er,  
hear his voice, it pass - eth; will this an - guish nev - er cease? Hark! I hear his foot-steps



o - ver, soon be stilled this ach - ing heart, But I have a dy - ing mes - sage I would  
trust - ed, how my thoughts were all of him— Draw the cur - tain high - er, moth - er, for the  
dar - ling, tho' my form you see no more; Grieve not, think me on - ly wait - ing for you  
com - ing— no, 'tis but the rust - ling trees; Strange how my dis - or - dered fan - cy caught his



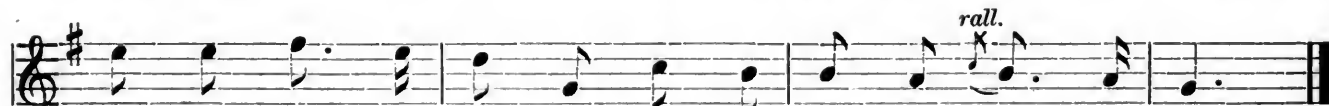
give be - fore we part; Lay my head up - on your bos - om, fold me clos - er, moth - er,  
light is grow - ing dim. Need I tell you how he left me, cold - ly put - ting me a -  
on the oth - er shore. Do not chide him, moth - er, dar - ling, tho' you miss me from your  
foot - fall on the breeze. I am cold now, close the win - dow, fold me clos - er— kiss me,



dear, While I breathe a name long si - lent, in thy fond and lov - ing ear; Mother,  
side, How he wooed and won an - oth - er, and now claims her as his bride? Life has  
side, I for - give him, and I wish him joy with her to be his bride; Take this  
too; Joy! what means that burst of mu - sic? 'tis the Sav - iour's voice, I know; See Him



there is one— you know him— oh, I can - not speak his name, You re -  
been a wea - ry bur - den since those hours of deep - est woe— Wipe these  
ring from off my fin - ger, where he placed it long a - go, Give it  
wait - ing to re - ceive me! oh, how great a bliss to die— Moth - er,



mem - ber how he sought me, how with lov - ing words he came.  
cold drops from my fore - head, that they are death marks well I know.  
to him with a bless - ing, in dy - ing I be - stow.  
meet your child in Heav - en, one more kiss, and then— good - bye.

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# THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

Written and Composed by FRED. GILBERT.

*Adorato.*



1. I've just got here, thro' Pa - ris, from the sun - ny south - ern shore; I to  
2. I stay in - doors till af - ter lunch, and then my dai - ly walk To the  
3. I pa - tron - ized the ta - bles at the Mon - te Car - lo hell, Till they



Mon - te Car - lo went, just to raise my win - ter's rent; Dame For - tune smiled up -  
great Tri - um - phal Arch is one grand tri - um - phal march. Ob - serv'd by each ob -  
had - n't got a sou for a Chris - tian or a Jew; So I quick - ly went to



on me as she'd nev - er done be - fore, And I've now such lots of mon - ey, I'm a  
serv - er with the keen - ness of a hawk, I'm a mass of mon - ey, lin - en, silk and  
Pa - ris for the charms of mad' - moi - selle, Who's the - load - stone of my heart what can I



gent..... Yes, I've now such lots of mon - ey, I'm a gent.....  
starch..... I'm a mass of mon - ey, lin - en, silk and starch.....  
do,..... When with twen - ty tongues she swears that she'll be true.....

## CHORUS.

*1st time p, 2nd time f.*



As I walk a - long the Bois Boo - long With an in - de - pen - dent



air..... You can hear the girls de - clare— "He must be a Mil - lion - aire!" You can



hear them sigh, And wish to die, You can see them wink the oth - er eye At the



man that broke the Bank at Mon - te Car - - lo..... lo.....

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy; or the above and any two other songs words and music for \$1.00, by addressing HENRY J. WEHMAN, Publisher, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.



## AFTER NINE.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Louis Reinhard.

I'm fond of a stroll on a prominent street  
After nine, after nine;  
What strange things we see and what people we meet  
After nine, after nine.  
Give me your attention, I'll not make it long,  
I'll tell you some facts in a topical song,  
The things that occur in life's mighty throng  
After nine, after nine.

### CHORUS.

After nine, when mama's asleep,  
George will come Katie's comp'ny to keep,  
And burn all the gas while papa's asleep,  
After nine, after nine.

A large dry-goods box on the street you will see,  
After nine, after nine;  
You pass it by quickly and innocently,  
After nine, after nine.  
A big night policeman patrolling his beat,  
Will glance very sharply at each one he'll meet,  
But when the coast's clear in that box he will sneak,  
After nine, after nine.

### CHORUS.

After nine, when all is serene,  
A fight in progress, no cops to be seen,  
The poor man's sleeping and thinks it a dream,  
After nine, after nine.

A bald-headed man will go to a show,  
After nine, after nine;  
He admires the ballet from the front row,  
After nine, after nine.  
He writes to the fairy, "your face I adore,  
I'll meet you, my loved one, at the stage door;"  
He meets her and finds she is just fifty-four,  
After nine, after nine!

### CHORUS.

After nine, when all is serene,  
No paint or powder on that face to be seen,  
The fairy's a grandma 'tis plain to be seen,  
After nine, after nine.

A married man wishes to go to a ball,  
After nine, after nine;  
His dear wife, you know, suspects nothing wrong,  
After nine, after nine.  
He makes an excuse, and his wife takes it in,  
There's a light in her dark eye bodes no good to him,  
And off to the ball he goes with a grin,  
After nine, after nine.

### CHORUS.

After nine as soon as its late,  
Dear little wife for her hubby will wait,  
And with a shovel she greets her dear mate,  
After nine, after nine.

There's the young man you meet who's always dead broke  
After nine, after nine;  
His money is gone, and his watch is in soak,  
After nine, after nine.  
You say to him kindly, "O where have you been?  
Come, make me your confidant; what have you seen?"  
He answers "I've played but a game on the green"  
After nine, after nine.

### CHORUS.

"After nine no money I've got,  
My head is aching, I wish I was shot;  
The fellow I played with scooped a jack pot,  
After nine, after nine."

The tomcat will sing in a voice very clear,  
After nine, after nine,  
A beautiful song called "Maria, I'm here,"  
After nine, after nine!  
He stands 'neath your window without fear or dread;  
You feel very sleepy, you'd fain go to bed;  
You don't get much slumber but a serenade instead,  
After nine, after nine.

### CHORUS.

After nine, when the world is at rest,  
That is the time that Tom sings the best,  
You fire a bootjack, he won't take a rest,  
After nine, after nine.

—The Young Minister.—Deacon Goode—Our young minister is rather prosy, isn't he? Deacon Grimm—He is that. I think his hearing must be impaired. Deacon Goode—His hearing? His speech, you mean. Deacon Grimm—No, his hearing—if he thinks he heard a call from the Lord to preach.

## HE WHISTLED UP A TUNE.

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Words and Music by Lew H. Carroll.

I knew a little fellow once, who couldn't speak a word,  
And when he needed something done or wanted to be heard,  
He had the most peculiar way that one could e'er construe,  
To tell you what he'd like to have, the only thing he'd do:

### REFRAIN.

Was to whistle up a tune (*whistle*), then we'd answer very soon (*whistle*).  
When we found out what he meant, all he wanted would be sent,  
Just because we tried to please him night and day,  
For he was a darling boy (*whistle*), he was papa's pride and joy (*whistle*).  
As around the house he'd stroll in a manner odd and droll,  
He would whistle in his own peculiar way.

Jake Johnson's little baby-boy would scream and cry each night,  
Until the soothing syrup had been brought within its sight;  
The kid was bawling loud one night to bring the bottle back,  
Jack got up in his stocking feet and stepped upon a tack.

### REFRAIN.

Then he whistled up a tune (*whistle*), as he tried to find the spoon (*whistle*);  
"I will find it soon," said Jake, never thinking a mistake  
Would be liable in darkness more than day;  
'Twas the castor oil he found (*whistle*), gave the kid about a pound (*whistle*);  
When the doctor said he'd die, Jakey winked the other eye,  
As he whistled in his own peculiar way.

A bashful fellow got a job in Macy's dry-goods store,  
Behind the hosiery counter he sold stockings by the score;  
And all went well until one day, while he was ill at ease,  
A lady came to him and said, "Show me some stockings, please."

### REFRAIN.

Then he whistled up a tune (*whistle*), and he acted like a loon (*whistle*);  
"Here's a lovely pair of red, what's the price of those?" she said.  
"Seven-fifty, they're a bargain for to-day."  
Then she murmured, "they come high" (*whistle*); "but you're tall," was his reply  
"I will call again," said she; "pleased to have you, ma'am," said he,  
As he whistled in his own peculiar way.

## No, 'Arry, Don't Ask Me to Marry.

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Words by Harry Castling. Music by Geo. Le Brun.

It's no use, 'Arry, trying to coax me on,  
I've said "No," and I meant it, straight I do;  
I've thought it over many nights alone,  
I'm certain every word you spoke was true.  
It ain't that I dislike you I refuse,  
For you're the only cove I know is good;  
Don't think too bad of me for saying "No,"  
And take it with a good 'art, as you should.

### CHORUS.

No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry, oblige me and let me be,  
I've got my mother, my sister and brother, at 'ome depending on me;  
There's the ring you gave me a year ago to-day,  
Take it back, 'twill remind you of me when you are miles away.

You said, last night, you'd go away from here,  
Pluck up, don't be a silly little jay;  
For if you join the army, 'Arry, dear,  
You might get both your legs clean blown away.  
On crutches you'd look very funny, straight,  
And not the sort of man I'd wish to wed;  
But there, I'm only larking with you, mate,  
In fact I'm very nearly off my 'ead.—Chorus.

We ain't engaged, but we'll be chummy still,  
And sociable, just as we used to be;  
I'll allus have a drink with yer, I will,  
When you're broke course you'll 'ave one 'long o' me.  
But what's the use of you a-going away,  
For seven years you must be off yer crust,  
'Cos if you've made your mind up not to stay,  
Why don't yer try the—well, melisher fust?—Chorus.

If we got spliced, then what would mother do?  
There'd be no one to keep her, and she's low;  
And there's my little crippled brother, too,  
I couldn't see him want a crust, you know.  
You said you'd take 'em with us, bye and bye,  
Those words of yours they made my 'art feel glad;  
I know your 'art is good enough to try,  
But, oh! that takes a lot of doing, lad!—Chorus.

—At the Chrysanthemum Show.—He—I did not expect to see you here. She—Why didn't you? He—Isn't a rose out of place at a chrysanthemum show?



# DID YOU NOTICE IT?

## TOPICAL SONG.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Tempo di Valse.*



1. All the pa - pers each day are di - lat - ing      How in Pol - i - tics  
2. Now the Preach - ers are all the while preach - ing      Of the ver - y great  
3. When you call on the girls neat and pret - ty,      And their "dads" are a -  
4. Now some dea - cons who act most se - date - ly,      And run down the  
5. There's Bob In - ger - soll spouts his o - pin - ions      And tells us, as



peo - ple go wrong;..... And the fact they so oft - en are stat - ing,  
e - vils of gold;..... And all o - ver the land they are teach - ing  
sleep safe and sound,..... While you're chat - ting a - way, ver - y wit - ty,  
Dra - ma as bad,..... Though, at home, they're de - mure, and so state - ly,  
if he just knew,..... There are no fire and brim - stone do - min - ions:



That, in time, it be - comes an old song,.....      Tho' some who're ac -  
That the rich man can't en - ter the fold!.....      They'll spout all they  
And there's no - bod - y pry - ing a - round,.....      How oft - en they'll  
With fa - ther - ly fea - tures so sad,.....      Yet when to a  
And of dol - lars he rakes in a few!.....      He laughs at the



cused may be hon - est;      Yet oth - ers are aw - ful - ly "fly;"..... And  
like, and for - ev - er,      And tell us what they think is best;..... But  
scream, if so hap - py      To press their soft lips you in - sist!..... But  
"show" you oft ral - ly      With friends, how it makes you all stare,..... For  
or - tho - dox par - sons,      And says what they preach is a lie;..... He



those who would like to be "hon - est,"— Did you no - tice they like "boo - dle" pie?.....  
tho' they are aw - ful - ly clev - er,— Did you no - tice they "feath - er" their nest?.....  
tell me, you in - no - cent "chap - py,"— Did you no - tice they like to be kissed?.....  
in the front row, at the bal - let,— Did you no - tice the dea - cons all there?.....  
wears that you can't find a Dev - il,— Did you no - tice, he don't care to try?.....

### CHORUS.

*Vivace.*



Did you no - tice it?      Did you no - tice it?      Keep your



eyes wide a - wake as you go;..... And you'll no - tice it,      sure - ly



no - tice it,—      If you don't you are aw - ful - ly slow!.....

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## HEARTS.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

Would I could but read your heart,  
And see what's written there;  
Could I use some hidden art,  
Just to learn how much you care;  
Could I only read your heart,  
And see if you retain  
The love you vowed would ne'er depart  
Through sunshine and rain.  
Do not be angry with me, loved one,  
For the words that pained you so;  
It was my love for you, my darling,  
It was my pride which dealt the blow;  
Let me look into thy heart,  
And find reflected there  
The image which will ne'er depart,  
And the love which is so rare.

### CHORUS.

Hidden stories, hidden treasures, has thy heart concealed;  
Would I ever be contented if its treasures were revealed?  
Wondering if your thoughts are with me as in the days of yore,  
If I could but read and find it mine for evermore.

Others may more charming be,  
Famed for their wit and grace,  
But none will more constant be—  
True love lies not in a face.  
Often in a lonely hour  
My thoughts they turn to thee,  
As, oh, so sad, I ofttime wonder  
If you ever think of me.  
Oh, why are you so long in coming,  
Making my life so long and drear,  
Would that I could but read your heart, love,  
And set at rest this trembling fear.  
I know that you were ever true,  
I pleaded not in vain,  
But time has sped never to return  
With its pleasures and its pain.—Chorus.

## The Widow's Plea for Her Son.

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Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,  
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;  
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,  
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.  
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheek.  
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"  
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,  
And turning to the jury men, these words his mother said:

### CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,  
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.  
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;  
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,  
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.  
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,  
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.  
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;  
She said, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.  
Altho' my boy is guilty—I own his crime is bad,  
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"

### CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,  
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.  
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;  
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:  
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.  
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,  
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.  
I therefore will discharge you"—and the court then gave a cheer—  
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,  
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,  
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."

### CHORUS.

Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son,  
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.  
Don't send her boy to prison, for that would drive her mad;  
Remember, she's a widow, and she's pleading for her lad.

## TOM AND I'LL GO TOO.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Before the grim old judge they stood, a mother, girl and boy,  
The father faced his children and his wife;  
He said that she had wronged him tho' she once had been his joy,  
He sought a separation there for life.  
The judge said, I will part you for your hearts are strangers now,  
The boy can with his mother always stay,  
And if the girl is willing she can with her father go.  
The little daughter then began to say:

### REFRAIN.

My home will be with mother, for I'll never have another,  
If I should leave her now what would she do;  
I love you, dad, sincerely, and my mother just as dearly,  
Take mother home, then Tom and I'll go too.

The father tho't of happy days before the babes were born,  
Before estrangement, jealousy and pride,  
The promises and vows he made upon their wedding morn,  
The loving woman who became his bride.  
The loyalty of childhood proved that she was faithful still,  
Upon her good name there was not a stain;  
The veil was torn asunder and they never will forget  
The words that made them man and wife again:

## KEEP THE HOME TOGETHER.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An only son was seated at the bedside of his dad,  
And down his boyish cheeks the tears had started;  
The father feebly said: my boy, remember when I'm dead  
Your poor old mother will be broken hearted;  
"Tis then she'll need your aid, my boy, so act the noble man,  
When I am laid to rest upon the heather;  
Then be a credit to her, help her every way you can,  
To prosper and to keep the home together.

### CHORUS.

Keep the home together, John, and keep a heart that's willing,  
For when the home is gone, you know, a man's not worth a shilling;  
Fortune may not favor you, but wait for brighter weather,  
And help your dear old mother, John, to keep the home together.

Don't leave the little homestead, John, the place we've had for years,  
Its every nook and corner has a story;  
The morning we were wed, my boy, your mother to me said  
The little cottage was her earthly glory.  
Misfortune may confront you, but be fearless to the end,  
You'll get along though cloudy be the weather;  
Your two sweet little sisters on your mother will depend,  
Be kind to them and keep the home together.

## I LOVE YOU IN SPITE OF ALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Fred. Simonson.

Down by a shady brook, by a swift running stream,  
Sat a maid and her lover, both happy as a dream.  
All nature seemed at rest, as the birds sang their lay,  
He told her that he loved her, called her his Queen of May.  
Neither in their trying, saw a maiden fall,  
A girl who also loved him, loved him the best of all.  
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."  
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.  
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befalls,  
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

She wandered from her home, this maiden all forlorn,  
In her heart kept the secret of a love left unborn.  
She came upon these lovers, unconscious of her woe,  
And heard him say "I love you," just as she turned to go.  
She would keep her secret, which no time could pall,  
Her heart was almost breaking, she loved in spite of all.  
"I love you best of all," etc.

Long, weary days have passed to the sweet little maid,  
Who has had many suitors, but to all she says nay,  
No one else will she wed, she knows her heart is gone  
To one who will never love her, he weds to-morrow morn.  
Seated in the arbor his words she now recalls,  
Yet in her heart she loves him, loves him in spite of all.  
"I love you best of all," etc.

# SOME OTHER GIRL SHALL WEAR THE RING.

## BALLAD.

Words by M. M. LANE.

Arranged by J. P. SKELLY.

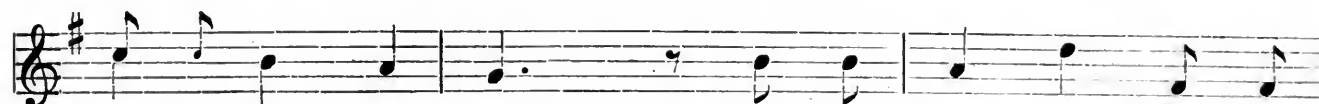
*Allegretto.*



1. Come, my fond one, come, my loved one, Come, my dear one, close to  
 2. Go a - way you sau - cy sail - or, Please re - mem - ber what you  
 3. Tho' my clothes are poor and rag - ged, Said the sail - or, with heart  
 4. Then the sail - or proud - ly an - swered: "Do you think that I am



me, Will you wed a jol - ly sail - - or Who has  
 are,— You're in sad need of a tail - - or, You're a  
 sore, I have sil - ver in my pock - - et And bright  
 mad, Thus to wed with a poor maid - - en When a



just come from sea? Pret - ty maid - en, pret - ty  
 poor young Jack - tar. Do not ask me now to  
 gold I've in store. When she thus had heard him  
 for - tune's to be had? I will cross the bound - ing



maid - en, A true heart to you I bring,— Tell me  
 wed you, For I'll ne'er do such a thing, For a  
 an - - swer, Kneel - ing at his feet she fell, Say - ing,  
 o - - cean, And my gold and sil - ver bring, And some



sweet - ly, lit - tle maid - - en, Will you wear for me the ring?  
 poor and rag - ged sail - - or I will nev - er wear the ring.  
 "still I true - ly love you, Yes, I love you and right well!"  
 tru - er - heart - ed maid - - en Shall then wear the wed - ding ring!"

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## THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

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Words by A. H. Noy. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Raise the window higher, mother, air can never harm me now;  
Let the breeze blow in upon me, it will cool my fevered brow.  
Soon death's struggles will be over, soon he'll fill this aching heart,  
But I have a dying message I would give before we part:  
Lay my head upon your bosom, fold me closer, mother, dear,  
While I breathe a name long silent, in thy fond and loving ear.  
Mother, there is one—you know him—oh, I cannot speak his name,  
You remember how he sought me, how with loving words he came.

How he gained my young affection, vowing in most tender tone  
That he would forever guard me, were my heart but his alone;  
You remember how I trusted, how my thoughts were all of him—  
Draw the curtain higher, mother, for the light is growing dim.  
Need I tell you how he left me, coldly putting me aside,  
How he wooed and won another, and now claims her as his bride?  
Life has been a weary burden since those hours of deepest woe—  
Wipe these cold drops from my forehead, they are death marks well I know.

Gladly I obey the summons to a bright and better land,  
Where no hearts are won and broken, but all form a happy band.  
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though my form you see no more;  
Grieve not, think me only waiting for you on the other shore.  
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though you miss me from your side;  
I forgive him, and I wish him joy with her so soon his bride.  
Take this ring from off my finger, where he placed it long ago;  
Give it to him with a blessing, that, in dying, I bestow.

Tell him that it is a token of forgiveness and of peace—  
Hark! I hear his voice, it passeth; will this anguish ever cease?  
Hark! I hear his footsteps coming—no, 'tis but the rustling trees;  
Strange how my disordered fancy caught his footfall on the breeze.  
I am cold now, close the window, fold me closer—kiss me, too.  
Joy! what means that burst of music? 'tis the Saviour's voice, I know;  
See Him waiting to receive me! oh, how great a bliss to die—  
Mother, meet your child in heaven; one more kiss, and then—good-bye.

## Since My Mother's Dead and Gone.

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Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

In that dear old village churchyard, there I see a mossy mound,  
That is where my mother's sleeping in the cold and silent ground;  
Gently waves the weeping willow, birds their warble sing at dawn,  
But my heart is sad and lonely since my mother's dead and gone.

CHORUS.

In that dear old village churchyard oft I stray with heart forlorn,  
For there's no one left to love me since my mother's dead and gone.

I was young, but I remember well the night my mother died,  
When I watched her spirit fading, till she called me to her side;  
Saying, "Darling, I must leave you, angel voices guide me on;  
Pray that we may meet in heaven, when your mother's dead and gone."—Chorus.

Oft I wander to that churchyard, flowers to plant with tender care  
On the grave of my dear mother—darkness finds me weeping there,  
Looking at the sky above me, waiting for the heavenly dawn,  
There is no one left to love me since my mother's dead and gone.—Chorus.

## OH, PROMISE ME.

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Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I  
Will take our love together to some sky,  
Where we can be alone and faith renew,  
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;  
Those first sweet violets of early spring,  
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing  
Of love unspeakable that is to be—  
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,  
The most unworthy in this lonely land,  
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes  
Seeing the vision of our paradise;  
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls  
Its mighty music to our very souls;  
No love less perfect than a life with thee—  
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

## AFTER THE BALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

A little maiden climbed on an old man's knee,  
Begged for a story—"Do, uncle, please.  
Why are you single; why live alone?  
Have you no babies; have you no home?"  
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago;  
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.  
List to the story, I'll tell it all;  
I believed her faithless after the ball."

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, after the break of morn;  
After the dancers' leaving, after the stars are gone—  
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all;  
Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room,  
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes.  
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own—  
'I wish some water, leave me alone.'  
When I returned, dear, there stood a man,  
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.  
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all,  
Just as my heart was, after the ball.—Chorus.

Long years have passed, child; I've never wed;  
True to my lost love, though she is dead.  
She tried to tell me, tried to explain;  
I would not listen, pleadings were vain.  
One day a letter came from that man—  
He was her brother—the letter ran.  
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all;  
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball."—Chorus.

## THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said:  
"Our organist is ill to-day, will someone play instead?  
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,  
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.  
A man then staggered down the aisle whose clothes were old and torn;  
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn!  
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,  
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,  
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;  
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,  
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,  
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;  
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare  
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.  
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,  
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;  
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away.  
The preacher rose and softly said: "Good brethren, let us pray."—Refrain.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An old man gazed on a photograph in the locket he'd worn for years;  
His nephew then asked him the reason why that picture had caused him tears.  
"Come, listen," he said, "I will tell you, lad, a story that's strange but true—  
Your father and I at the school one day met two little girls in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;  
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two.  
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,  
Became your mother; I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

"That picture is one of those girls," he said, "and to me she was once a wife;  
I thought her faithful, we quarreled, lad, and parted that night for life.  
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good and true,  
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue."—Ref.



# BELLEVILLE CONVENT FIRE.

Words by JOHN FLETCHER.

Music by NED STRAIGHT.

*Andante con moto.*



1. Kind friends give at - ten - tion to what I re - late, And ev - er re - mem - ber those  
2. Near their dear souls from the earth took their flight, In that ill - fat - ed con - vent on  
3. Let us men - tion this pure soul who went with the rest, To that sweet land a - bove to be  
4. When the dread cry of "fire," was heard loud in the air, Fond fa - thers and moth - ers were



poor chil - dren's fate, In full health and vig - or they re - tired for the night, Not  
that fa - tal night, And fa - thers and moth - ers are now left to mourn, Their  
there ev - er blest, The brave ho - ly moth - er from the rooms would not go, Al -  
seen ev - 'ry - where. A - las, when the fire - men ar - rived 'twas too late, For



think - ing of fire that soon raged with its might, The rooms and the hall - ways were  
chil - dren, who had bet - ter nev - er been born— A girl at the win - dow stood,  
though twice be - fore she had been down be - low, A brave her - o - ine, she stood  
all those poor chil - dren, had met their sad fate. We know they have gone to a

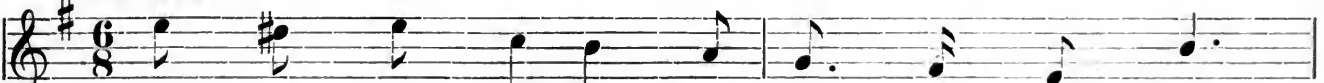


eloud - ed with smoke, When the dear lit - tle chil - dren from slum - bers a - woke, They  
three sto - ries high, "Oh, save me! dear moth - er," in vain she did cry, Just  
true to her post, When she saw that the chil - dren would sure - ly be lost, She  
far bet - ter shore, Where the death deal - ing fire - fiend can reach them no more, Let us



rushed to the windows, 'twould make brave hearts sigh To see those white faces at the window so high.  
then an ex - plo - sion, we grieve to re - late, And all in that convent had met their sad fate.  
rushed up the stair - way with pit - i - ful cry, While praying to God with her children to die.  
hope we will meet them all, up there, a - gain, Where there's no more sorrow, no anguish, or pain.

## CHORUS.



No one to help them, no one to bless,



No one to save them, in their sad dis - tress, It was in Belle - ville Cit - y, sad



grief did a - bound, On the night that the con - vent was burned to the ground.

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## A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy.

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Words by Julian Holmes. Music by Henry F. Smith.

A mother was bidding good-bye to her boy,  
He was going to leave her that morn;  
'Twas hard to depart from the ones that he loved,  
And the humble cot where he was born.  
He treasured the parting advice that she gave,  
With the love that a mother can feel;  
In vain he endeavored his tears to restrain,  
As he heard his fond mother's appeal:

CHORUS.

"faithful and fearless, devoted and true; be manly in sorrow or joy;  
In trials remember 'tis darkest ere dawn," was a mother's appeal to her boy.

The years glided by, and he wandered afar,  
Often like a lone exile he'd roam;  
In moments of sorrow his heart would be cheered,  
When he thought of his mother at home.  
She always said, "Boy, never yield to despair,  
There's no pleasure without its alloy;"  
They never more met, but he never more forgot  
The appeals she made to her boy.—Chorus.

## THE IRISH JUBILEE.

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Words by J. Thornton. Music by Chas. Lawlor.

Oh, a short time ago, boys, an Irishman named Doherty  
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority,  
He felt so elated that he went to Dennis Cassidy,  
Who owned a bar-room of a very large capacity,  
He said to Cassidy: "Go over to the brewer  
For a thousand kegs of lager beer and give it to the poor,  
Then go over to the butcher-shop and order up a ton of meat,  
Be sure and see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat;  
Send out invitations in twenty different languages,  
And don't forget to tell them to bring their own sandwiches;  
They've made me their Senator, and so, to show my gratitude,  
They'll have the finest supper ever given in this latitude—  
Tell them the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty,  
Assisted on the bag-pipes by Felix McCafferty;  
Whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the tin,  
And any one who doesn't come, be sure and do not let him in."

Cassidy at once sent out the invitations,  
And everyone that came was a credit to their nations;  
Some came on bicycles, because they had no fare to pay,  
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay away;  
Two-by-three they marched in the dining hall—  
Young men and old men, and girls that were not men at all,  
Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn,  
Single men, double men and men who had their glasses on;  
Before many minutes nearly every chair was taken,  
'Till the front rooms and mushrooms were packed to suffocation;  
When every one was seated, they started to lay out the feast;  
Cassidy said, rise up and give us each a cake of yeast;  
He then said, as manager he would try and fill the chair;  
We then eat down and we looked at the bill-of-fare;  
There was pigs-head and gold-fish, mockingbirds and ostriches,  
Ice cream and cold cream, vasaline and sandwiches.

Bluefish, green-fish, fish-hooks and partridges,  
Fish-balls, snow-balls, cannon-balls and cartridges;  
Then we eat oat-meal till we could hardly stir about;  
Ketchup and hurry-up, sweet-kront and sour-kront,  
Dressed beef and naked beef, and beef with all its dresses on,  
Soda-crackers, fire-crackers, limburger-cheese with tresses on,  
Beefsteaks and mistakes were down on the bill-of-fare;  
Roast-ribs and spare-ribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare,  
Reindeer and snow-deer, dear me and antelope;  
And the women eat so-mushmellon, the men said they cantalope;  
Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrin's from old Erin's Isle,  
Bologna and fruit-cake, and sausages a half-a-mile;  
There was hot-corn and cold corn, corn-salve and honeycomb,  
Reed-birds, reed books, sea-bass and sea-foam,  
Fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little liver pills,  
And every one was wondering who was going to pay bills.

For desert we had tooth-picks, ice-picks and skipping-rope,  
And washed them all down with a big piece of shaving-soap;  
We eat everything that was down on the bill-of-fare,  
Then looked on the back of it to see if any more was there;  
Then the band played, horn-pipes, gas-pipes, and Irish reels,  
And we danced to the music of "the wind that shakes the barley-fields,"  
Then the piper played old tunes and spilttoons so very fine  
That in came Peiper Heideck and handed him a glass of wine;  
They wetted the floor till they could be heard for miles around;  
When Gallagher was in the air, his feet was never on the ground;  
A fine lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon,  
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on;  
Some danced jig-step, door-steps and highland flings;  
And Murphy took his knife out and tried to cut a pigeon-wing;  
When the dance was over, Cassidy then told us  
To join hands together and sing this good old chorus:

(AFTER LAST VERSE.)

Should old acquaintance be forgot, wherever we may be,  
Think of the good old times we had at the Irish jubilee.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

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As sung by Mr. John Walsh.

This morning at breakfast I said to my wife,  
But one golden wedding we see in a life;  
'Tis now fifty years since the clergyman said  
In that clear, ringing voice: With this ring I thee wed.  
So it is, so it is, said my dear old wife Jane,  
Let us have our old wedding day over again;  
Off we went to the church with our cheeks all aglow,  
And the same love at heart as we had years ago.

CHORUS.

Oh, for the golden visions, oh, for the crimson glow,  
Oh, for the golden day dreams fifty years ago,  
Oh, for the fairy voices and the songs we used to sing,  
Telling of heavenly joys, my boys, found in a wedding ring.

The service was ended, we passed through the door  
And into the buttercup meadow once more;  
I plucked Jane a bunch and she asked for a pin,  
Which I gave and she fastened them under her chin.  
We strolled by the stream, then our footsteps retraced,  
And my arm slyly stole round the old lady's waist;  
I gave her a squeeze, but she did not cry, oh,  
As she did about two score and ten years ago.—Chorus.

We reached the old homestead and then went inside,  
But no bouquet awaited the bridegroom and bride;  
My thoughts wandered back to the hour of my joy,  
When I opened my arms for my dear baby boy.  
The happiness heaven has promised to men  
Can not be compared to my happiness then;  
It seemed the whole world was without an alloy,  
I'd no eyes, I'd no thought that were not for my boy.

SPOKEN—My mind conjured up the old scene in an instant. I can see him now as I saw him then, standing at the cottage door, wishing his mother good-bye and saying: "Good-bye, Father, my country requires soldiers to sustain her honor. You would not have me called a coward and a traitor." That was the very last time we ever saw the poor boy again alive. As I thought of it, the tears ran down my silly old cheeks, and I felt two loving arms steal around my neck, and that dear old voice that had cheered me on through all these years, murmuring:—Chorus.

## BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

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Words by Charles Williams. Music by Leo Dryden. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

At his post the soldier's standing, "duty" tells him he must stay;  
True love's calling over yonder, which command must he obey?  
Little Nell, his wife, is dying—why, oh, why's his lot so hard?  
Like a dream, perchance, she'll vanish, while he's standing here on guard.  
Blinding tears his eyes are filling as he thinks, what shall I do?  
Stick to post and lose my darling, without one fond, last adieu?  
Though he's proved himself a hero, with the foe stood face to face;  
Now to leave would mean dishonor, on his good name bring disgrace.

CHORUS.

He stands between love and duty, fighting the bitter fight;  
His heart is torn with anguish between the wrong and right;  
But the soldier's love still remains the same, his country's cause he'd ne'er shame.  
But wife comes first, and who can blame? he stands between love and duty.

In a far-off country mansion sits a woman worn and old,  
'Tis, alas! the old, old story that has been so often told;  
Mother's love and boyhood's downfall, he has brought disgrace and shame;  
She knows he's a thief, an outcast, having forged his father's name;  
Though degraded, she'll protect him—yes, protect him with her life—  
First, because she is a mother; secondly, she is a wife.  
Now the stern, old father enters, "Where's my one-time son," says he.  
She who never yet deceived him, head bowed down in grief, we see.

CHORUS.

She stands between love and duty, fighting the bitter fight;  
Her heart is torn with anguish between the wrong and right;  
The mother's love still remains the same, altho' she feels her darling's shame,  
She shields her son, and who can blame? she stands between love and duty.

The hour's midnight, all is silent in a peaceful village street;  
 heedless of the dismal darkness, walks a policeman on his beat;  
 Soon the sound of hurried footsteps breaks the stillness of the night.  
 "Who goes there?" and then a policeman stops a burglar's hurried flight;  
 Then ensues a fearful scuffle, soon he has the burglar fast.  
 "Who is this?—my brother Reuben!" the policeman cries with face aghast.  
 "Let me go, Jack," pleads the burglar, "let me go and I'll repent;  
 You know it will kill poor mother if to prison I was sent."

CHORUS.

He stands between love and duty, fighting the bitter fight;  
 His heart is torn with anguish between the wrong and right;  
 But brotherly love still remains the same, altho' he feels the disgrace and shame,  
 He sets him free, and who can blame? he stands between love and duty.

# SINCE MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Andante moderato.*



1. In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,  
2. I was young, but I re - mem - ber  
3. Oft I wan - der to that church - yard,

There I see a moss - y  
Well the night my moth - er  
Flow'rs to plant with ten - der



mound,  
died,—  
care

That is where my moth - er's sleep - ing,  
When I watched her spir - it fad - ing,  
On the grave of my dear moth - er—



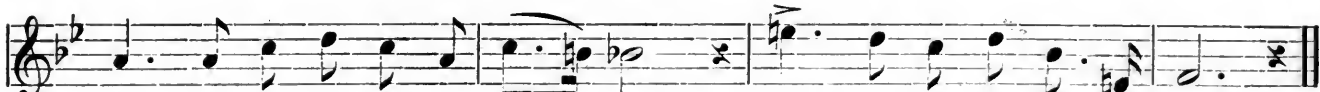
In the cold and si - lent ground.  
Till she called me to her side,  
Dark - ness finds me weep - ing there,

Gen - tly waves the weep - ing  
Say - ing, "dar - ling, I must  
Look - ing at the sky a -



will - low,  
leave you,  
bove me,

Birds their war - ble sing at dawn,  
An - gel voi - ces guide me on,—  
Wait - ing for the heav'n - ly dawn;



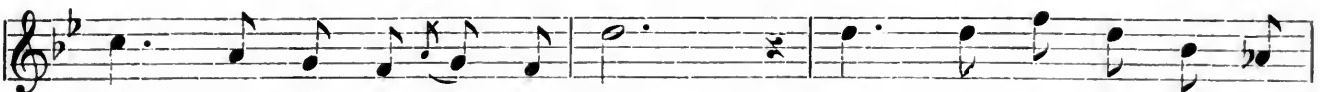
But my heart is sad and lone - ly—  
Pray that we may meet in Heav - en,  
There is no one left to love me,

Since my moth - er's dead and gone!  
When your moth - er's dead and gone!"  
Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

### CHORUS.



In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,



Oft I stray with heart for - lorn;

For there's no one left to



love me, Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

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## THE BROKEN HOME.

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Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

The church-bells they were ringing, the choir was sweetly singing,  
In a far New England village, just two short years ago;  
The flowers they were blooming, the birds in tree-tops tuning—  
Two hearts had been united, fair Lillan and Joe.  
The husband he toiled daily and happy was their lot;  
He loved his wife and baby; his vows he ne'er forgot;  
One day a former sweetheart came, and, finding him away,  
Through flattery and promises Joe's love was led astray.

### CHORUS.

There's her picture on the table, there's a baby in the cradle,  
There's a husband crying bitterly alone.  
There's no wife's voice to cheer, in his sorrow to be near—  
What was Paradise is now a broken home.

His eyes are dim with weeping, yet faithful watch he's keeping  
O'er his precious little treasure, for whom his heart doth moan;  
Forgetting all dishonor which she had brought upon her,  
For baby's sake he'd gladly forgive if she'd come home.  
Oh, why do people falter and lose all self-respect  
For vows made at the altar, and make their lives a wreck?  
These questions Joe has asked himself, with heart heavy as lead,  
And baby's smile prevents him from being numbered with the dead.—*Chorus.*

## THE PICTURE THAT IS TURNED TOWARD THE WALL.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Far away beyond the glamor of the city and its strife  
There's a quiet little homestead by the sea,  
Where a tender, loving lassie used to live a happy life,  
Contented in her home as she could be;  
Not a shadow ever seemed to cloud the sunshine of her youth,  
And they thought no sorrow could her life befall,  
But she left them all one evening, and their sad hearts knew the truth  
When her father turned her picture to the wall.

### REFRAIN.

There's a name that's never spoken and a mother's heart half-broken,  
There is just another missing from the old home, that is all;  
There is still a memory living, there's a father unforgiving,  
And a picture that is turned toward the wall.

They have laid away each token of the one who ne'er returns,  
Ev'ry trinket, ev'ry ribbon that she wore;  
Tho' it seems so long ago now, yet the lamp of hope still burns,  
And her mother prays to see her child once more;  
Tho' no tidings ever reach them what her life or lot may be,  
Tho' they sometimes think she's gone beyond recall,  
There's a tender recollection of a face they never see  
In the picture that is turned toward the wall.—*Refrain.*

## Twelve Months Ago To-Night.

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Words by J. F. Mitchell. Music by Will H. Fox.

Twelve months ago this very night 'midst loving friends I sat,  
And 'round the board went laughter, jest and song;  
We thought not of the future, for there lived in every heart  
The present of a manhood pure and strong;  
We drank to wives and sweethearts and to friends across the sea,  
For everything was rosy-hued and bright;  
Not a shadow of a sorrow came between us and our joys,  
In our happiness twelve months ago to-night.

### CHORUS.

Then where are the boys who vowed eternal friendship?  
Good-natured fellows, with spirits gay and bright;  
Where are the ones who sang the songs of gladness,  
And spent an hour in Paradise twelve months ago to-night?

Twelve months ago this very night in friendship's name we met  
To taste the sparkling essence of the vine;  
We toasted lovely woman for her purity and worth,  
And wished that she were never less divine;  
And—oh, the pleasant stories, the laughter and the wit,  
That woke the sleeping echoes of delight,  
As we shook hands with each other, and we sang of "Auld Lang Syne,"  
When we parted friends twelve months ago to-night.

### REFRAIN.

One little year has told its tale, for men will ever roam;  
Some of them lie in foreign lands, while others sleep at home;  
But still my heart goes back again, in sorrow and delight,  
To friends I had and joys I knew twelve months ago to-night.

## COMRADES.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon. Arranged by E. Jonghman.

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We from childhood played together, my dear comrade Jack and I;  
We would fight each other's battles, to each other's aid we'd fly;  
And, in boyish scrapes and troubles, you would find us everywhere;  
Where one went the other followed, naught could part us, for we were

### CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades ever since we were boys,  
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;  
Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might betide,  
When danger threatened, my darling old comrade was there by my side.

When just budding into manhood, I yearned for a soldier's life;  
Night and day I dreamed of glory, longing for the battle's strife;  
I said, "Jack, I'll be a soldier, 'neath the red, the white and blue;  
Good-bye, Jack!" said he, "no never! If you go, then I'll go too."—*Chorus.*

I enlisted, Jack came with me, and ups-and-downs we shared;  
For a time our lives were peaceful, but at length war was declared;  
England's flag had been insulted, we were ordered to the front,  
And the regiment we belonged to had to bear the battle's brunt.—*Chorus.*

In the night the savage foemen crept around us as we lay,  
To our arms we leaped and faced them, back to back we stood at bay;  
As I fought, a savage at me aimed his spear like lightning's dart,  
But my comrade sprang to save me and received it in his heart.—*Chorus.*

## TA-RA-RA BOOM-DER-E.

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Written by Henry S. Sayers.

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see,  
Queen of swell society,  
Fond of fun as fond can be,  
When it's on the strict Q. T.;  
I'm not too young, I'm not too old,  
Not too timid, not too bold,  
Just the kind you'd like to hold,  
Just the kind for sport I'm told.

### CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.

I'm a blushing bud of innocence,  
Papa says at big expense;  
Old maids say I have no sense;  
Boys declare I'm just immense;  
Before my song I do conclude,  
I want it strictly understood,  
Tho' fond of fun, I'm never rude;  
Tho' not too bad, I'm not too good.—*Chorus.*

### ENCORE VERSES (By Lew Hawkins).

I'll sing a little song, it won't take long;  
If I sing it wrong why ring the gong,  
Then I will say to you, So long,  
And start at once for old Hong Kong.  
Then a tear to my eye 'twill surely bring,  
And I'll call you a saucy thing,  
Then for the patrol you all may ring,  
And hear the copper sweetly sing:—*Chorus.*

Played a little poker the other night  
With a jay I thought I had all right.  
The hand I held was out of sight;  
I held them close, I held them tight.  
The hand I held contained four kings;  
I bet all my stuff on the pretty things,  
But the Rube at me four aces flings;  
He copped my stuff and gently sings:—*Chorus.*

A jay came in from Buffalo,  
Who long had let his whiskers grow;  
They were white as the driven snow;  
They were great for the wind you know.  
He was no Yank; he was a Jew;  
He sold old clothes in Kalamazoo;  
He was fond of music that was new,  
So the wind played this as it passed through:—*Chorus.*

I called on my uncle at his farm;  
Of course, to call there was no harm;  
But the country has for me no charm,  
In weather cold or weather warm.  
My uncle has a goat, a lively flea,  
But the goat and I could never agree;  
As he chased me up against a tree,  
He sang this song as he gave it to me:—*Chorus.*

In '92 there'll be a race,  
With Ben and Grover to set the pace;  
I wonder who will get the place;  
For the White-house chair there'll be a chase,  
But a horse may win that comes from Maine,  
A horse who's been out in the rain;  
A candidate he'll be again,  
So you want to look out for old Jim Blaine.—*Chorus.*



# DAR'S A NEW MOON IN DE SKY.

## JUBILEE SONG.

Words and Music by GEORGE LESTER.

*Allegretto.*



1. De ju - bi - lee am com - in' on,— Dar's a new moon in de  
2. Dem Brook - lyn cars won't lose dar grip,— Dar's a new moon in de  
3. Jay Gould will now shell out his cash,— Dar's a new moon in de



sky! De days of troub - le now am gone,— Dar's a new moon in de  
sky! Mad dogs won't take a Par - is trip,— Dar's a new moon in de  
sky! De streets will all be paved wid hash,— Dar's a new moon in de



sky! Den wake up to de bless - ed time,— Dar's a new moon in de  
sky! Bob In - ger - soll will jine de church,— Dar's a new moon in de  
sky! We'll git dat luck - y num - ber shore,— Dar's a new moon in de



sky! Oh, don't you hear dat joy - bell chime?— Dar's a new moon in de sky!  
sky! De deb - bel he'll be in de lurch,— Dar's a new moon in de sky!  
sky! Just play "four - leb - en - for - ty - four!"— Dar's a new moon in de sky!

### CHORUS.



Wid milk and hon - ey all de land am gwine to flow! De



poor an gwine up top, an de rich take seats be - low! De



days ob wor - ry now from dis yere chile will fly— De



heart am light, for I see to - night Dar's a new moon in de sky!

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## PATSY BRANNIGAN.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

My son is a great politician,  
He works on the big boulevard;  
They say that he soon will be alderman,  
For now he's the boss of the ward.  
Some day he'll be running for President,  
His equal, sure, never was seen,  
And if he gets into the White House chair,  
He'll paint it an Emerald green.

CHORUS.

And his name is Patrick Brannigan;  
Do you know him, boys? (\*Who?) Patsy Brannigan;  
He's a thirty-second cousin to O'Lannigan,  
They're both from the County Tyrone.  
He's a regular lally-cooler at a christening;  
Are you list'ning, boys? (\*What?) at a christening  
He's a hoop-de-doodle-do, he can skip the tra, la, loo.  
Do you know him, boys? (\*Who?) Patsy Brannigan.

He's the pet of the girls in the neighborhood,  
And when he's a-passing them by,  
You'll hear them all murmur, oh! ain't he nice;  
We'll meet in the sweet bye and bye.  
And when he's elected as alderman,  
He'll get all the boys out of jail;  
There's never a judge within twenty miles  
Would dare refuse Brannigan's bail.—Chorus.

After alderman then he'll be governor,  
As President next he'll see-say;  
He'll bring over Ireland to Sandy Hook,  
And anchor it outside the bay.  
On the greenbacks he'll then have his photograph;  
He'll have newspapers all printed green;  
My own brother Dan shall be New York's Mayor,  
And I'm to be old Ireland's queen.—Chorus.

\*Who and what are to be spoken.

## DAISY BELL.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

There is a flower within my heart, Daisy, Daisy!  
Planted one day by a glancing dart  
Which she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,  
Yet I am longing to share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!  
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!  
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—  
But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two.

We will go "tandem" as man and wife, Daisy, Daisy!  
"Ped'ling" away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell!  
When the road's dark we can both despise policemen and "lamps" as well;  
There are "bright lights" in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell.—Chorus.

I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe, Daisy, Daisy!  
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring, you know, sweet little Daisy Bell;  
You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we take, then if I don't do well  
I will permit you to use the brake, my beautiful Daisy Bell.—Chorus.

## HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

Have you seen her? She's the fairest little girl in all the world;  
She's a beauty, she's the rarest, she's a rose with dew impoiled.  
There's a winning way about her that I never saw before;  
Oh, I wouldn't be without her, and I love her more and more.

REFRAIN.

Have you seen her? Have you seen her? She's the darling girl for me;  
She's the neatest, she's the sweetest, and our wedding soon will be.

Have you seen her? You can tell her by the sunshine in her face;  
Not a maiden can excel her in her loveliness and grace.  
There are girls of wealth and splendor, but I'd rather have one gentle  
From the girl so good and tender that I think of all the while.—Refrain.

Have you seen her? She's the treasure of my heart for evermore,  
And to know her is a pleasure; she's the girl that I adore.  
Any home her smile would brighten, as the stars the sky above;  
She was sent my heart to light with the blessing of her love.—Refrain.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A fair-haired boy in a foreign land at sunrise was to die;  
In a prison-cell he sat alone, from his heart there came a sigh;  
Deserted from the ranks, they said, the reason none could say;  
They only knew the orders were that he should die next day;  
And as the hours glided by, a messenger on wings did fly  
To save this boy from such a fate—a pardon, but it came too late.

CHORUS.

The volley was fired at sunrise, just after break of day,  
And while the echoes lingered, a soul had passed away  
Into the arms of his Maker, and there to hear his fate;  
A tear, a sigh, a sad "good-bye"—the pardon came too late.

And 'round the camp-fire burning bright the story then was told;  
How his mother on a dying-bed called for her son so bold;  
He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way;  
She never saw her boy so fair—he died at break of day;  
And when the truth at last was known, his innocence at once was shown,  
To save from such an unjust fate a pardon sent, but 'twas too late.—Chorus.

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

Everybody has a sweetheart underneath the rose,  
Everybody loves a body, so the old song goes;  
I've a sweetheart, you all know him just as well as me,  
Every evening I can see him shortly after tea.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's the man in the moon,  
I'm going to marry him soon;  
'Twould fill me with bliss just to give him one kiss,  
But I know that a dozen I never would miss.  
I'll go up in a great big balloon  
And see my sweetheart in the moon,  
Then behind some dark cloud where no one is allowed  
I'll make love to the man in the moon.

I have often wondered where he spends his time all day,  
Perhaps he has another sweetheart many miles away;  
Maybe some sweet, dark-haired maiden daily he does woo,  
But as long as I don't catch him I'll believe him true.

CHORUS.

Last night while the stars brightly shone,  
He told me through love's telephone,  
That when we were wed he'd go early to bed,  
And never stay out with the boys, so he said.  
We are going to marry next June,  
The wedding takes place in the moon;  
A sweet little Venus we'll fondle between us,  
When I wed my old man in the moon.

## MOLLY AND I AND THE BABY.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

I've a neat little cottage, and in it does dwell  
Molly and I and the baby;  
And I'm sure that for comfort no king can excel  
Molly and I and the baby.  
My dear little Molly is just twenty-three,  
The baby's turned one, and between you and me,  
We're the nicest young family you ever did see,  
Molly and I and the baby.

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, always so jolly,  
Always laughing, chock full of glee,  
Living as happy as happy can be,  
Molly and I and the baby.

Now we care not for riches or palaces grand,  
Molly and I and the baby;  
For I'm sure we'd not change with the best in the land,  
Molly and I and the baby.  
When I get home from work with my babe on my knee,  
I sit in my arm-chair, while Molly makes tea,  
Then we dine at a table that only seats three,  
Molly and I and the baby.—Chorus.

Every bright Sunday morning to church we will go,  
Molly and I and the baby;  
As we walk down the street all the people they know  
Molly and I and the baby.  
Now Molly's a girl that you'd all like to meet,  
Her ways are so charming, her smile is so sweet;  
If you chance to be our way, just drop in and greet  
Molly and I and the baby.—Chorus.

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